

## EL PASO HERALD

Established April, 1881. The El Paso Herald includes also, by absorption and succession, The Daily Herald, The Telegraph, The Tribune, The Sun, The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republican, The Bulletin.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AMER. NEWSP. PUBLISHERS' ASSOC. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Tex., as Second Class Matter.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

The Daily Herald is issued six days a week and the Weekly Herald is published every Thursday, at El Paso, Texas; and the Sunday Mail Edition is also sent to Weekly Subscribers.

Business office ..... Bell. Auto. 1115  
Editorial Rooms ..... 2020  
Society Reporter ..... 1919  
Advertising department ..... 116

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Weekly Herald, per year, \$2.00. Daily Herald, per month, 60c; per year, \$7.00. The Daily Herald is delivered by carriers in El Paso, East El Paso, Fort Bliss and Towne, Texas, and Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, at 60 cents a month. A subscriber desiring the address on his paper changed will please state in his communication both the old and the new address.

COMPLAINTS. Subscribers failing to get the Herald promptly should call at the office or telephone No. 115 before 6:30 p. m. All complaints will receive prompt attention.

## Mexican Official Reports

THERE is only one way in which the Mexican government can gain currency and credence for the official reports of military operations in connection with the insurrection, and that is by making the official reports truthful, prompt, and complete. With few exceptions, the official reports promulgated up to this time have been untruthful, belated, and incomplete. If the American press is printing incorrect accounts of the military operations in the state of Chihuahua, it is the fault of the Mexican government, as it is also the fault of the government that exaggerated reports gained currency during the early days of the present disturbance.

At a critical period, when the United States and the world were anxious for authentic news of events in Mexico, the Mexican government seized the Associated Press leased wire and left the 850 daily newspapers of the United States, members of the Associated Press, dependent upon other sources of information than their experienced and trustworthy correspondents in Mexico and their own telegraphic service. For a day or two the only news obtainable was from interviews with returning travelers, material notoriously full of inaccuracies and exaggerations, and yet incapable of correction or disproof by reason of the unwise government policy of suppressing the news and forbidding telegraphic communication.

The El Paso Herald then was the only newspaper in the United States or Mexico that sent its own special correspondent into the disaffected district and immediately gave to the world through the columns of this paper and through the Associated Press the truth about the insurrection, promptly denying the false rumors that had gained currency.

Mexico has nothing to gain by suppressing or distorting news. She should understand that her official reports so far, many of which are known to be unreliable, have not affected the judgment of any intelligent American, but on the contrary, are invariably checked against the impartial reports of the Associated Press and the Herald's special correspondents, and the official reports are discounted as they deserve.

The best thing Mexico can do to strengthen her position in the eyes of the rest of the world is to make her official reports tally with the truth; resort to no barbarous methods; exercise firmness and vigor in suppressing insurrection; give the representatives of the press every facility to obtain the news; protect them in their legitimate function as noncombatants; and make no false declarations.

To open the lines of communication, and let the truth be known, will be better in the long run than to try to suppress the facts in the field of operations, or to disbar American newspapers from circulating in the republic. The Herald, the Associated Press, and all reputable newspapers in the world will give first prominence to Mexican official reports whenever it is made clear that these official reports are worthy of belief. Until then, the press must depend largely upon its own independent sources of news.

There is no reason why Pullman cars cannot be built to give windows to upper berths, in which case they would become more comfortable than the lowers. The price reduction soon to take effect, however, is useful more for its moral effect on the Pullman company than for any real saving to the traveling public.

## Helping Them To Help Themselves

"IT IS health that is really contagious," said governor Hughes of New York, now supreme court justice, in a recent address. It is the gospel of the new optimism, stated in one sentence. The governor was speaking of moral health, no less than physical. He told how quick the less fortunate and less informed of the citizens of any community are to take advantage of any wise provision made for widening their opportunities and bettering the conditions of living.

Ignorance, not deliberate choice of evil and disease, accounts for the seeming opposition. The steel corporation at Gary, Ind., has decided to remove all baths from employees' houses and install no more in future, substituting showers instead; for the bath tubs have been used for storing coal, garbage, soiled clothes, or vegetables, and never used for their proper purpose. This does not mean that the laborers in the steel works are hopelessly dirty, but only that they had never been properly introduced to bath tubs; they will use the showers.

Ruskin wrote bitterly, after years of effort to improve conditions of living among the poor: "Any interference which tends to protect the health of the masses is viewed by them as unwarranted interference with their vested rights to inevitable disease and death." In the past there has undoubtedly been much to justify Ruskin's pessimism. It no longer holds good. Take El Paso as an example: none appreciate the value of the work that is being done among the babies and mothers of the Mexican settlement, as do the Mexicans themselves. When it seemed as if the public support might be withdrawn through failure of public authorities to comprehend the importance of the work, scores of these poor people volunteered to contribute 5c or 10c per week to help pay the salary and expense of the worker and maintain the educational and relief work. There could be no finer testimony to the permanent value of the institution.

But even if there were antagonism, that would not affect the duty of public authorities everywhere to carry on to the utmost the campaign of prevention and education. The prevention of disease is today one of the most important functions of government. Sanitary science has so far progressed that the average life has been lengthened 12 years in the last century. The death rate in the United States, though still higher than any other civilized country, is slowly decreasing.

It is one phase of our American characteristic national wastefulness that we are and have always been careless of human life to a degree no other enlightened nation would tolerate. Compare our typhoid fever death rate with that of European nations: Scotland 6.2 per 100,000, Germany 7.6 per 100,000, England 11.2, Austria 19.9, United States 46 per 100,000, or nearly 8 times the rate of Scotland and more than 4 times the rate of England. We kill deliberately; we know better. Typhoid is almost entirely preventable, and wholly inexcusable; it simply spells dirt and carelessness.

The greatest value of the work of the Woman's Charity, with support from the city and county, in the Mexican section of El Paso, is in its preventive and educational program. It is better than any sanitary law, for it is based on understanding and self interest. For every specific case of illness treated, for every life saved directly, there is a wide circle of influence tending to strengthen the resisting power of the poorer element against disease, tending to show how disease can be avoided, and tending always to conserve the labor units of the people and save money direct to the whole community.

In El Paso we see in operation on a small scale the sort of work that must become universal within the next generation. It is sound sense and good business.

There may be fouler beasts than the housefly, but if so they are not visible to the naked eye. A whole mountain of sand on the parlor floor would not be half the disgrace to the careful housewife that the presence of a few flies in the house is. They are the worst disease carriers and disease breeders of all.

No matter what kind of weather we have for Christmas, some of El Paso's cosmopolitan population will feel at home. If it is clear and fair, the regulation El Pasoan will feel right; if it is rainy and cold and nasty, the newcomer will exclaim: "Just like the old home."

## EDITORIAL AND MAGAZINE PAGE

## UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

IT GIVES my wearied heart a wrench to see such whiskers on the bench. The highest court in all the land should the respect of all command, and nothing should disturb the awe with which we view that home of law. But how can people, calling there, regard that wide expanse of hair and think of anything but soap and razor strops and barber's dope? The lawyer, when he pleads a case, will see the greens on Hughes's face, and straightway all his thoughts will fly to where the fields of spinach lie. A man can't think of law, alas, when facing such a stretch of grass. The other judges, sitting near, with faces shaven, calm, severe, will find those whiskers in the way about five hundred times a day. If it should chance that justice B should turn to speak with justice D, concerning matters most profound, he'll find that six or seven pound of weeping willows intervene, and hide the judge as with a screen. Will law be purified or cleared when filtered through that widespread beard? Will court decisions seem more fair delivered through a lot of hair? I cannot think it, and I hope that justice Hughes will get some soap, a brush, some water and a saw, and whack those tassels from his jaw.

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## The Beginning Of Things

By Vance Palmer.

BAILEY had come there in the beginning of things, when a row of tents lined the main street and water was less plentiful than beer in most towns. As a matter of fact, the settlement hadn't much to show yet in the way of civilization, though it turned out some of the best opals in the country; and some of the first comers prospered and fattened on the lawlessness of the wall, according to the fate laid out for them or to their weakness of the flesh.

Bailey didn't do either, because it was somehow part of his temperament to take a middle course always. As an opal buyer for the settlement he made a good living, and that was all.

There were half a dozen women there, two or three of them pretty, and they wondered most of all about Bailey. They asked him to dance and riding picnics, but he never came, always explaining courteously that his business took up all of his thought and time. Then they whispered to one another that his life had been spoiled by a woman.

That was how five years passed away and nothing happened of any note. Then one day Bailey found himself on business at the nearest township, 30 miles away, with his horse lame and the necessity of having to be back at the settlement next day. A coach crawled between the two places once every week, so he waited for that and jumped aboard. He was immersed in some letters at the time, and in a full five minutes before he noticed the woman in the corner who was gazing at him with curious eyes. When he did, the blood drummed a little at his temples, and he said slowly, his horse making before he spoke, and then it was with pale lips:

"This is the last place I expected to find you, Helen."

She gave a fluttering, nervous smile. "That is why you came here, I suppose, Wal?"

"He answered in a hard voice: "Frankly, yes. And now, why have you come here?"

Her fingers were twiddling restlessly with her muff chain and her throat felt very dry.

"I came to see my brother Steve," she said. "I am going to look after him for a while."

The name connected two cells of Bailey's brain, and for a while a mist swam before his eyes. He had never thought of Steve Dacres as being in any way related to the woman he had loved, and it pained him to know it now; not that there was much real evil in the boy, but cards and liquor had sapped most of the clean manhood out of him, and his name floated around in connection with some shady things.

"I can't altogether leave here," he said. "You wouldn't demand that, it's a bigger place than it looks, though, and there's no need for us ever to meet. Will that content you?"

What she said was indistinct, and they went their ways.

But everyone noticed that Bailey had become more busy and preoccupied than before. His business was increasing, and he opened a branch at a new field, going over there as often as he could.

Bailey threw his tremendous vitality into his business with an abandon that fairly startled Grayson, his clerk. The latter was a handsome, flabby-lipped boy from the city, too weak to be anything but spendthrift on the rough and ready life till Bailey took him up and set him on his feet. He lounged over to where Bailey was sitting one afternoon, and said, caressing his moustache:

"Say, Bailey, have you seen Steve Dacres's sister?"

Bailey looked up with quick eyes, but he read no hint of knowledge in the boy's face.

"Yes," he said abruptly. "I've seen her."

"And what do you think of her?" Grayson went on. "Isn't she wonderful?"

Bailey made a stab at the inkpot with his pen.

"Quite wonderful," he said. "Look here, Grayson, I've got to go over to Lightning Ridge tomorrow, and you'll be in charge of things a day or two. Take a double grip of yourself, and don't think of anything but business."

But when he came back he found that Grayson had been spending most of his time in the company of Helen Dacres. The boy said he was teaching her to ride, and Bailey bit his lips, for he had taught her to ride in the old days.

"Why should I care?" he said to himself. "She and I are less than nothing to one another now."

But it isn't much use a man telling lies to himself, even when he does very emphatically, and searing itself into Bailey's brain was the knowledge that she still had power to hurt him.

And so six months passed, leaving no change, except that Bailey grew a little harder, and a little older, and his smile did not come as quickly as it used to.

This went on until the night before the miners' ball, when, sitting in his back room with his pipe between his teeth, the old fever laid his hands on him again. He felt a glow in his eyes and he wanted to taste of music, the thrashing of dancing feet, the company of his own kind. But most of all he wanted to hear Helen again, to watch the strange glow in her eyes and to hear the ripple of her laugh. He said in his heart that there was no reason why he should avoid her always.

Next morning he said to Grayson: "Look here, Grayson, you'll have to take the week's opals into the township tonight. You can have my horse." Grayson looked up with a desperate determination in his face.

"I can't go tonight, Bailey."

"Nonsense," his companion rapped out. "You'll have to go. Why not?" The boy's face was white.

"I'd rather break with you altogether than go tonight. I've promised Hel-

## The Herald's Daily Short Story

By Vance Palmer.

Miss Dacres to take her to the ball."

Bailey drummed with his fingers on the table. Some tiny trace of dryness seemed to work in his throat.

"Oh, that's the way of it, is it?" he said.

There was silence for a moment. The boy's instinct was a smooth thing, and he said sweetly:

"It isn't as if you cared for dancing yourself, Bailey."

Bailey's lips twisted with the ghost of a smile.

"No, it isn't as if I cared for dancing myself, Grayson. I understand; I won't ask you to go tonight."

And when dusk was settling down he got ready for the journey himself.

It was 30 miles of rough country, a long ride after the day's work, and he had to be back by noon on the morrow. Whatever there was of softness in him was suggesting that the night could be spent in more congenial ways. As he saddled his horse his face looked very old and his eyes very tired. Just about this time Grayson was saying to Steve Dacres:

"He wanted to go to the ball tonight, but I fluffed him out of it by pleading an appointment. Bailey's pretty soft, although he doesn't know it."

"The night was dark and murky, heavy clouds obscuring the crescent moon. As Bailey clattered along the bridges above the settlement the faint sound of music drifted over to his ears, and the faint swish of feet upon the floor."

He had ten miles farther on that some intuition came to him that he was being followed.

A mile ahead the track ran into two branches, one going for a mile over the rocky back and the other circling round their heads. After some hesitation he took the second, and after riding for half a mile turned back in his tracks.

He rode slowly, his senses strung to their top note, and his brain wondering if the strange man could be who rode abroad on that lonely night.

As he reached the spot where he had turned off he saw a figure disappearing over the skyline in front of him, and he followed slowly, his horse making no noise with its unshod hoofs.

Reaching the point where the two tracks met again, he realized the truth. He saw a man drop from his horse and conceal himself in the undergrowth. Bailey gave a grim smile and dropped from his horse also, creeping silently forward on his hands and knees.

Lying full length in the scrub, nervous and alert, he waited for his revolver, the stalker felt his arms pinned from behind. He gave a terrified cry, and Bailey saw his face. A smile came to his lips.

"No, it isn't as if I cared for dancing myself, Dacres, is it?" he said.

"He picked up the revolver and looked at it. Curiously enough he did not feel angry or even surprised.

"You would have shot me down from behind, I suppose," he said.

"No; not that," the boy groaned. "Then he saw that Dacres was suffering, and the sight made him feel soft."

"Why did you do it?" he said calmly. "I suppose I'll stick to you."

"My brain was on fire, I guess, Bailey. Do you know what it is to be in the pit--to have a deadly fear in your heart that the sister you love will find you out?"

Bailey's eyes, scanning every emotion in his face, saw he had gone through the depths, and that pain had seared his young soul.

"He said gently, "You could always have relied on me to help you through. Come to me tomorrow when I come back, and we'll talk over things. Don't take this too seriously, and remember, whatever happens, I'll stick to you."

And, handing the boy back his revolver, he mounted his horse and cantered off through the night. And for nearly an hour the boy stood looking at the spot where he had vanished, with his head bowed and his eyes staring.

It was late the next afternoon when Bailey came back: when he got to his office he found a girl waiting for him. She was pale, her lips were trembling, and tears were in her eyes.

"I'm going away," she said. "I've come to say goodbye."

He mumbled something indistinct. Some time he could not meet her eyes. She said, again in a broken voice:

"I've heard all about it. Steve told me everything. I can't stay here any longer, Wal."

"I had a right to know," she said. "Why do you try to keep everything that's good about you hidden, Wal? It made me want to confess to you."

He hesitated, and her lips trembled just a little. Then she looked him fearlessly in the eyes.

"I told you a lie when I said I came up here to look after Steve. I had heard you were here, and I just had to see you, no matter what happened."

Some strange sound choked in his throat, but he conquered himself, and put his hands on her shoulders. Her lips twisted into a smile, and she said:

"Helen," he said, "you're not going away. We'll burn up the past like old paper. This is only the beginning."

And there was a new light in his eyes that would last him all his days.

## Old Santa Claus To Give This Year More Than 10,000 Car Loads Of Toys

Each Year the World's Toy Requirements Become More Extensive and More Exacting.

IT is no small task to make a quarter of a million tons of playthings each year for the children of the world. The mere statement that this means 10,000 carloads of toys is sufficient to indicate that the industry is a significant one, and that it requires the all year round labor of thousands of people to supply the annual demand of Santa Claus. The center of the metal toy-making world is somewhere in the neighborhood of Sonneberg and Nuremberg, Germany. In those districts they have studied the question of universal child taste so carefully that they are able to delight equally the youthful American, the Japanese child, the Mexican, the Eskimo, or the Malay of the South Seas.

## Making Metal Toys.

The making of metal toys is concentrated principally in large factories, although in some cases the separate parts are made and painted in the homes of the peasant classes. In the making of tin toys the first process is to cut out the pieces of tin from which the toy is to be shaped. Other machines, driven by large power engines, press the various parts into the required shape, and then they are ready for assembling and painting. Some of the more complicated metal toys pass through at least 150 hands before the plain metal becomes the finished toy. In days gone by the completed plaything needed only to be approximately like the real thing it represented. But the present-day child is not satisfied with an imitative toy; he wants an exact duplicate, except in size, of the original. For instance, in the production of aeroplanes, he insists that the lines shall

## LETTERS To the HERALD

(All communications must bear the signature of the writer, but the name will not be published where such a request is made.)

## "BABIES AND CHURCHES."

Editor El Paso Herald: I notice a letter in your paper signed "Humanitarian" with which he enclosed an editorial, cut from a Memphis paper, on the subject of the 5000 babies starving in Chicago, in which the correspondent makes a plea for some of the "prosperous ministers" to preach upon the subject. I would like to ask the earnest inquirer if he thinks that the "prosperous ministers" of today could give an intelligent solution of the problem. No man can give an intelligent answer on the subject unless thoroughly acquainted with the prophecies of the Bible. It is there alone that we can get reliable information as to the final outcome of the situation.

The first thing I wish to say is that we are in error in believing the broad and pleasing statement that our nation is a Christian nation. Christ said, "By their fruits you shall know them." This nation will have to prove herself by her fruits. A short while back I heard a leading physician say, in his address to an audience of about 3000 people, that you may wire Washington, D. C., and there would be immediate aid sent, and at the same time you may wire them that your child is seriously ill and the telegram would receive absolutely no attention. There are white children here in El Paso that can not go to school because of the extreme poverty of their parents, and I dare say we can receive no aid whatever from the government in sending them to school, yet if they were out of some Indian tribe, our nation would immediately respond. Is this like Christ? I say "no." He is not a respecter of persons.

Again, in the ancient kingdoms of Europe and Asia, from as far back as history records to the present day, we have the claim of every nation that it is a chosen people, and we have records in Daniel, that Nebuchadnezzar the King of Babylon, thinking that his nation was heavenly born, set up a god in the plains of Dura, and commanded all people, far and near, old and young, great and small, to bow down and worship the image which he had erected, and because three of the children of Israel refused to obey his commandment they were, by order of the chief executive, cast into the fiery furnace. This image that was set up in the plains of Dura was a symbol or likeness of the invisible god which they worshiped.

We have the same heathenism in our land today. The Lord commanded us to rest the seventh day of the week, and Christ kept the commandments, and nowhere in all the Bible is there a hint of keeping any other day but, in addition to this, he kept the commandment of the seventh day and bids us take up our cross and daily follow Him, and no person or nation can claim themselves to be a Christian unless a follower of Him, but according to the seventh chapter of Romans, first to fourth verse, we find that anyone claiming such is like the man who has a divorcee for a husband. Our nation says "no." He will set up a likeness to the rest of God. We will make the rest on the first day of the week and by the power that we have we will claim ourselves to be even greater than Christ (for he did not come to change the law of God, but to fulfill it) and compel the people by the laws that we make to rest on the first day of the week. Tell me, which is the difference in the rest image that our nation has made and the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar set up on the plains of Dura?

Do not ask the "prosperous ministers" for any information that must be had from the Bible, because it seems that most of them as well as the nation, follow the spirit as far as it goes, and then they would hear the better Christians, and hundreds of people responded to the call, and no doubt that minister knew that he was requesting the people to break a positive commandment of our Saviour. (Matt. 5:33-35.)

In addition to this we have in second Timothy, 3:1-5, a condition of an existence of 18 different sins that would be tolerated in the churches. The fifth verse states positively that it is a people "having a form of godliness." Therefore it is an undisputed fact that the churches, and the apostle commands "from such turn away." Follow Christ but not a so-called Christian or Christian nation.

W. G. Canton.

indicate whether his toy be a monoplane or a biplane, and even whether it is a Wright or a Curtiss model.

This means that exacting workmanship is required. There are thousands of boys and girls no larger than those who hang up their Christmas stockings in America, employed throughout the year in Germany in making toys. Most of them are engaged in the production of wooden toys. The peasants of the Saxon Ore mountain region get little blocks of wood from the factories in the fall and all through the long winter days and evenings the whole family works away, producing wooden horses, wooden soldiers, painted Santa Clauses, Noah's Arks, wooden wagons, and other toys. Each member of the family makes some particular toy and sticks to it. One man will make wooden horses, and would be a complete failure at turning out wooden cows as well as made elephants, but could not possibly make a horse. Men have been known to work on one kind of toy for 25 years in succession.

## Whole Families Make Toys.

In some of the villages they make the complete Noah's ark. The father will cut out the animals in rough outline with a delicate little scroll saw, and each child will play his respective part in bringing them to perfection. They usually toll from 8 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. Their wages for piecework are pitifully small. In making woolly little lambskins, such as sell for 5 cents apiece in the toy store, the whole family is able to turn out from 250 to 300 dozen a week, the material being furnished by the manufacturer. For this work they receive a total of about \$5. The pencil boxes which sell for a nickel in the toy store cost only 58 cents a gross to make. A girl who makes doll dresses receives only \$2 a week.

But the fact that they have to work early and late does not affect the generosity of the little German peasants, nor does it interfere with their enjoyment of toys at Christmas time. Of course, the toys which they make do not appeal to the tastes of the children. It is said they are proud when Santa Claus brings them mechanical toys which bear the stamp of American ingenuity. There is now a considerable demand in Germany for the cheaper grades of American mechanical toys, and many of them go to cheer the lives of these little men and women who work so faithfully that the American small boy may have his Noah's ark or his animal circus.

## Queer Sights in Toyland.

When one travels through Germany strange sights oftentimes greet his eye. In one yard he may see a whole host of hobby horses. In another yard he will see a thousand saints newly painted and set out to dry. At another place a large army of wooden soldiers stand at attention while their bright brass armor is being set by the sun. Traveling a little further he will come upon

(Continued on Page 17.)

## Dorothy Dix On Woman's Sacred Influence.

PROFESSOR LESLIE J. TOMPKINS, of the New York university, does not believe that a woman's influence is highly educated a woman is, nor how what nobility of character, nor how much property she owns, she has the right to vote. He says: "The woman who does not realize how powerful an influence they wield, if they don't, it is not for want of being told. Men have discounted on the subject in season and out of season. Poets have sung it. Novelists have pictured it. Every after dinner orator weeps maudlin tears into the wineglass over it. Theoretically, it is the lever that moves the world. Practically, it is a broken reed that snaps in two whenever a woman puts her force on it, and tries to pry a man loose from the spot where he has taken root. Overestimated Influence."

The truth is that there is no other such overestimated thing in existence as woman's influence. All that any woman can do for a man is to stimulate him. She can help him on the way he is going, but she cannot change his course. She can accelerate his pace, but she cannot stop him. If a man isn't going to act the part of a man for the sake of his own manhood, he isn't going to do it for the sake of any woman.

When you come down to gross facts, what you really mean, when you talk about women using their influence to make a man vote as they wish, is that they are to ply him with feminine arts and wiles. Nobody expects them to gain their point by presenting a cold, and logical, and irrefutable political argument for man's consideration. On the contrary, he is to be jollied into assenting the woman's point of view, and to be coerced by means of pouts and kisses, and fluttering frills and furbelows.

That is why, when women want any measure passed through a legislature, they always send a delegation of the youngest, prettiest, and best dressed. Experience has taught them that the only women who can influence legislation are good-looking, and it takes the woman about five minutes, or less, to discover that instead of wasting her time explaining her cause, she employs it to become a woman using her influence to make a man vote as they wish, is that they are to ply him with feminine arts and wiles. Nobody expects them to gain their point by presenting a cold, and logical, and irrefutable political argument for man's consideration. On the contrary, he is to be jollied into assenting the woman's point of view, and to be coerced by means of pouts and kisses, and fluttering frills and furbelows.

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